

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.
JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.

Volume XXXVII.....No. 59

AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

ST. JAMES THEATRE, Twenty-eighth street and Broadway.—MARRIAGE.
FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth street.—THE NEW DRAMA OF DIVORCE.
OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway.—THE BALLET FANTASIE OF HUMPHREY DEPUY. Matinee at 2.
ROOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth av.—JULIA GRACE.
WOOD'S MUSKUM, Broadway, corner 5th st.—Performance at 8 o'clock and evening.—OUT AT SEA.
WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 13th street.—THE VETERAN.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE, corner of 8th av. and 23d st.—IL TROVATORE.
NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Houston sts.—THE NAID QUEEN. Matinee at 2.
BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery—CROSSING THE LINE.—BUFFALO BILL.
MRS. F. R. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.—BEL DEMONIO.
THEATRE COMIQUE, 614 Broadway.—Comic Vocalists, NIGRO ACTS, 8c.—LION. Matinee at 2 1/2.
UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Fourteenth st. and Broadway.—NIGRO ACTS—BERLEQUE, BALLETS, 8c. Matinee.
TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery.—NIGRO ECCENTRICITIES, BURLINQUE, 8c.
BRYANT'S NEW OPERA HOUSE, 23d st., between 6th and 7th avs.—BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.
THIRTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE, near Third av.—VALMONT ENTERTAINMENT.
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL HALL, 555 Broadway.—THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
PATILION, No. 585 Broadway.—THE VIENNA LADY ORCHESTRA.
NEW YORK CIRCUS, Portenous street.—SCENES IN THE KING, ACROBATS, 8c. Matinee at 2 1/2.
NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 515 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Wednesday, February 28, 1872.

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PASSAGE OF THE SEVENTY'S CHARTER.—For good or ill the charter, so long the source of worry and annoyance to the Seventy wise men of Gotham, passed the Assembly last night on its way to the Senate. The debate on it occupied the greater part of the day, and was remarkable as the latest illustration of the maxim that "the greatest consistency is inconsistency." Three republicans declaimed against it as unconstitutional, and then voted for its passage. The lines were drawn tightly by the republican whipper-in, the vote being eighty-nine for and twenty-eight against the bill.

THE CASE IN A NUTSHELL was stated the other day by Mr. Nye, of Nevada, in the Senate, in these few words:—"Formerly everybody thought General Grant a great and good man, but that was before he had removed anybody's relations from office."

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.—The Washington despatches of the HERALD to-day imply that the difficulty between our own government and that of Great Britain in regard to the American case before the Geneva Tribunal is hopeless of adjustment. General Grant is said to have resolved to end the controversy by announcing finally the impossibility of a withdrawal or modification of the American case, and then to lay the facts before Congress, leaving to that body the responsibility of further action. Still, we fail to see the necessity for any apprehension of a disturbance of peace between the two nations should the Treaty of Washington be destroyed. The danger and the loss from the reopening of the Alabama dispute will fall on England. The government of the United States can well afford to leave the question unsettled in the certainty of a full payment of all our claims and interest at a future day.

AS BAD AT TRENTON AS AT ALBANY.—The State printing business. It is charged, and the matter is before the Printing Committee of the Jersey Legislature, that for the State printing exorbitant prices have been paid; that, as a rule, more printing has been done than was necessary; that some work done has been needlessly paid for twice over; that much superfluous work has been done; that there has been waste in ordering "the usual quantity"; that the work has been shabbily done; that exorbitant charges have been made for paper; that there have been trickery in the printing bills and bribery and corruption in procuring jobs. They have hardly in this business done better than this at Albany in cheating and stealing. Jersey, therefore, is not so far behind the age after all. Let her come into the Union.

The Day of Thanksgiving—England's Outburst of Religious Loyalty.

It is written that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin! The magnificent demonstration in England on the occasion of thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from his recent illness will long be remembered as an extraordinary manifestation of the loyalty of England. Everything was propitious. The skies were bright, the air clear and pleasant, and what is rarely seen in England in February, there was a model spring day. Every city in the United Kingdom was represented. The streets were guarded by thousands of soldiers and policemen. The Queen and the royal family, both houses of Parliament, the learned, religious and political bodies, the guilds of trade and commerce, the diplomatic legations—all classes, representative and constituent, were in line. The number of people who took part in the pageant are estimated at four million, and in every part of the British dominions the day seems to have been observed as one of thanksgiving.

We give a complete history of this national festival. An event that can move the great English people, as they seem to have been moved by the recovery of the Prince of Wales, cannot fail to make a profound and gratifying impression in America. But few weeks have passed since the whole world stood patiently watching and praying by the bedside of the sick and apparently dying young man at Sandringham. The electric telegraph cables, the widespread communication through the press, the facility with which events are known instantaneously in all parts of the globe, have brought the nations of the earth so closely together that no event in any way interesting one people can fail to make an immediate impression upon other nations. The Prince of Wales was little known in America. We remembered him pleasantly as a peach-cheeked, modest lad, who spent a few weeks with us some years ago, and made a reputation for wit and as a profuse smoker of cigars. There has been nothing in his career as the heir to the throne to give him the individuality or even pre-eminence accorded to the first subject of the realm. Like all men holding exalted positions he has been subjected to scandals and idle gossip in England as well as in America. But the truth seems to be that he has held his illustrious place with honor and modesty; that he has avoided none of the arduous and monotonous responsibilities devolving upon his station; that he has shown singular amiability and generosity of character, and has been as much of an Englishman and citizen as a prince. The world likes a kindly, genial man, and will pardon much to one high in rank who does not forget that men are men, that there is sunshine in the world and merriment and content in the world, and that no one is too humble for kindly interest and recognition. So the Prince came to be known as a generous, merry, active gentleman, who went to sleep at the opera, perhaps, and kept away from the House of Lords, but rode well to the hounds, and enjoyed the songs of Schneider, and liked to have a run to Paris, and had ever a cheery word for the humblest man around him. Then, unlike other Princes of Wales, he kept out of politics and gave his loyalty to the throne, instead of the Treasury Bench or the opposition. Many Princes of Wales have weighed heavily upon the royal heart. We had one in exile from the Court and disgraced the Crown by carrying away his wife from the palace at the most critical moment of a woman's life. We remember how Prince Frederick was the leader of an opposition to the King, which was carried to the verge of treason; how "Prince George the Magnificent," "the first gentleman of Europe," the grand uncle of this young man, lived in open opposition to his father, and was simply the leader of the whigs. The scandals attending these exhibitions of illicit and impatient ambition always vexed Englishmen, who, whatever they may have thought on political questions, never looked kindly upon a son leading opposition to his father.

Apart from the fact that this Prince was the manner of man he has proved himself to be, there was much in the circumstances of his illness to awaken sympathy. The millions who thronged London city yesterday to cheer the pale and smiling nobleman, in his scarlet uniform had watched from day to day for many weeks the brief bulletins that told of his struggle with existence; how the disease grew upon him, until hope seemed madness, and only a miracle could save him; how all religions—Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Buddhist, Mohammedan and Parsee—invoked the heavenly interposition to save his life; how it seemed that an inscrutable Providence had decreed otherwise; how science and skill had abandoned him, and a sorrowing family surrounded his bedside to see his death; how suddenly life came to him again, and step by step he returned from the verge of the dark valley. Those who believe in intercession with Providence and in special dispensations of the Divine Goodness saw a thrilling confirmation of their faith in the recovery of the Prince of Wales. And the people of England are peculiarly a religious people. "The grace of God" is recognized in their laws and traditions, and the head of their government is the head of their Church. We can well understand how a nation with religious instincts and impressions and a deep, manly faith, would be deeply moved by an event that, in the earlier days, would have been recorded as a direct and manifest miracle, attended with strange, ghostly phenomena; comets brandishing their fiery tresses in the sky; earthquakes; the palpable form of God's Holy Son appearing in the sanctuary at Westminster; the marble statue of the Virgin opening its eyes and shedding tears. We should have had pious legends of the direct and sacred interposition of some devout man of faith, who, by his purity and sanctity of life, had secured the interposition of our Lord, and whose memory had been canonized in remembrance of the blessing. For no one can accept the canons of any religion springing from reason or revelation or even the rude, untutored faith of the wild Indian savage, who sees God in the sunshine, the winds, the burning fire and the radiant sun, without regarding the marvellous recovery of the Prince of Wales as the direct answer of Providence to prayer. And here we learn how far science has come even the minister of religion. Never

was the Throne of Heaven so widely supplicated as during the illness of the Prince of Wales. The bulletins that told of his disease were telegraphed over the world, and published at the same moment in Calcutta and St. Petersburg, Washington, San Francisco and Montreal. To use the pretty figure of a modern English poet, the world watched the wave of life as it was heaving to and fro; and the prayers of the world; of devout men in India and Russia and America and England; of Catholics, Mussulmans, Greeks, Hebrews, Parsees, Christians—arose to Heaven at the same moment with the agonized supplications of an agonized mother and a sorely smitten wife. There is to our mind great sublimity and beauty and comfort in the thought that by the agency of science the nations of the world are coming together more and more as one family, and that in time of sorrow or danger or sudden calamity they kneel at the same instant and breathe their prayers to Almighty God. We might even say, in a religious sense, that in thus drawing nearer to each other the children of men draw nearer to Heaven.

Magnificent and dingy London must have been well worth seeing yesterday! The English are a religious people, as we have said, as well as a people of forms and precedents. As we recall the narrative of this thanksgiving we recall the traditions and histories of many an English reign. The reader who closely scans our map will see that this royal procession embraced historic London, and at the same time extended into the London which has become populous within a century. Buckingham Palace, comparatively a new palace, going back to the time of the Queen's accession, was soon left, while the concourse rolled past the old Palace of St. James, which the Eighth Henry founded, and where the Prince of Orange reigned; past the Marlborough House, built by the great Churchill and now the home of the Prince; through Pall Mall and past the clubs; around Trafalgar square, which Peel called the finest site in Europe, past St. Martin's church, which the readers of Dickens will remember was where Copperfield met the heart-broken Peggotty, searching for his stray Emily, and in whose churchyard Nell Gwynne and Jack Sheppard lie buried; around Charing Cross, where the regicides were hanged and quartered; past the gloomy, dingy mansion of the Percies; and so into the Strand, famous for centuries as an artery of English life and history, going back to the fourteenth century, filled with memories of Bacon and Essex and Buckingham and Raleigh, and near which, Americans will be glad to know, our own Franklin lived. So it moved past Somerset House, where Cromwell lay in state; and the old church of St. Clement of the Danes, where Johnson worshipped; and under famous Temple Bar, the gateway to the city, which is only closed when the sovereign comes in state. And, as we learn, the time-honored custom was repeated yesterday. The heralds sounded the parley, the gates swung open, the Lord Mayor delivered the keys to the Queen, who returned them, the procession marching into Fleet street, the Lord Mayor, as chief of the metropolis, giving precedence to the Queen only. There were no white and bleached and ghastly heads of executed traitors grinning from the spikes of Temple Bar, as in olden times, but flowers and ribbons and gaudy decorations. So through Fleet street, with its memories of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare and Sam Johnson and his various taverns, the Kit-Cat Club, where the wits of Anne's time assembled, and Alastair and Whitefriars, where honest men can go in peace; past the Temple, with its seven centuries of history, where Plantagenet and Somerset pulled the white and red roses that became emblems of bloody wars, beginning "the brawl that sent a thousand souls to death and deadly night." And so past the HERALD's London office, where the news of Europe and Asia and Africa is concentrated, and which was yesterday, no doubt, as busy a spot as in all London, with the eager reporters and correspondents, painting the picture we print this morning and flashing it through thousands of miles of scurried cable wire. And so down Ludgate Hill to the great Cathedral of St. Paul!

As we have said, the route was over historic ground. We shall not invade the province of our correspondents and repeat what is so well told elsewhere—telling of the "Te Deum," the splendid and illustrious assembly that surrounded the throne under the great dome, the praises that were chanted, the sermon of the English Primate, the prayers, the royal progress home, through Newgate and Holborn, famous as the road to Tyburn Tree, and rich in traditions and scenes of noted historical events; and along the more modern Oxford street, now one of the great arteries of London life and commerce, until passing the Marble Arch and the site of the old Tyburn Tree it turned into Hyde Park, and passing Apsley House, where the great Wellington lived, and going up Constitution Hill, where William III. and Sir Robert Peel met the accidents that proved fatal and the Queen herself was attacked by assassins early in her reign, it ended at the gates of Buckingham Palace. All of this is written elsewhere with elaborate and brilliant rhetoric.

The American people, who watched this Prince in his sorrow and were glad over his recovery, will rejoice with the great English nation and unite their prayers and praises with those that rose yesterday under the mighty dome of St. Paul's. An event like this only serves to show how closely the two great English-speaking nations are united. It is well for one day to suspend our controversies and discussions and angry strifes; to remember that this Queen and Prince came from the loins of queens and princes that our fathers loyally and proudly served; to congratulate England upon the auspicious event which has called into life this noble and overwhelming exhibition of loyalty and affection, and to join with Englishmen in the prayer that this favored Queen may have many happy years of peace, prosperity and honor, and that when Albert Edward reigns in her stead he may be worthy of the loyalty and devotion which were yesterday laid at his feet.

A GOOD THING.—The law just passed in Wisconsin making election days legal holidays. We want that law in this State and in every State in the Union. It is a great measure of reform.

Assemblyman Husted and the Erie Ring—Is It a Blunder or What?

Assemblyman Husted, of Westchester, was very properly indignant when the disgraceful conduct of the Erie directors, exposed in Monday's HERALD, came to his knowledge. On the spur of the moment he introduced in the Assembly a bill to repeal the Classification act of 1869. He probably was ignorant at the time that a bill to repeal that law, and also to provide for a fair and legal election of directors by the bona fide stockholders of the road, was already before committees of the Senate and Assembly. If not, it would be difficult to understand how the introduction of another bill to effect a portion only of the same object could facilitate legislation upon the subject. But is Assemblyman Husted aware that the bill introduced by him is really in the interest of the Erie Ring, and that its passage would leave them in power just as certainly as would the failure of Senator O'Brien's bill to provide for a fair election of directors? At present Gould, Lane & Co. hold possession of the transfer books of Erie, and no person can get them out of their hands. In those books stand all the fraudulent and false entries of stock the proxies of which are held by the "Ring." They voted themselves into power upon these false stock certificates before the passage of the Classification act, and would do so again should that act be repealed without the simultaneous passage of a law compelling them to give up possession of the transfer books, to hold a fair election and to admit the votes only of bona fide holders of stock and proxies. Assemblyman Husted has credit for unusual legislative sharpness. If he is ignorant of these facts; if he does not know already that the simple repeal of the Classification act which he proposes would leave the Erie Ring untouched, and that Gould and Lane desire the confusion and muddle of legislation by the multiplication of just such bills as the one he introduced on Monday, then he will readily understand from this explanation that he is now covertly, if innocently, doing the dirty work of the Erie Ring. If he offers his bill with his eyes open and with a full knowledge of its effect, then we must classify him as already owned by Gould and Lane. He has the opportunity of proving his true position by moving to discharge the committee from further consideration of his ill-timed bill and laying it on the table without action. Of one fact Assemblyman Husted may rest assured—we shall suffer no fraudulent and sneaking pretences of hostility to the Erie Ring to successfully cover up the work of any of their paid tools. Hence, should he know of any legislator who is acting in the secret service of Gould and Lane, while falsely affecting to oppose them, he may rest assured that the HERALD will strip off his mask and show him in his true colors to an admiring people.

Congress Yesterday—Senators Still Gabling—The Yellowstone Valley Park.

That weary, tiresome debate in the Senate on the question of supplying arms to the French went on all day yesterday, to the neglect of the ordinary business of legislation. If the House had concurred in the resolution for adjournment on the 29th of May the probability is that the adjournment would have found all the necessary work of the session unattended to, so far, at least, as the Senate is concerned. If that body do not devise and put in practice some means of stopping the garrulousness of its members the Senate itself will become such a nuisance that some means of abolishing it will be devised and applied by the people. Let the vote on the resolution be taken at once, and let Messrs. Sumner and Schurz have all the advantage and gratification that they may be able to derive from the inquiry for which they seem so anxious.

The House was engaged yesterday in real practical business. Several bills were reported and acted on from the Committee on Banking and Currency; the Speaker's table was cleared of the business upon it; considerable progress was made in the Deficiency Appropriation bill, and the Senate bill setting apart the Yellowstone Valley, with its geysers and other natural wonders, as a national park, was passed, and now only awaits the President's signature to become a law. Probably the day is not far distant when a summer tour to this marvellous valley will be as popular and fashionable as is now the trip to Niagara, down the St. Lawrence, with its thousand islands, and back to New York by Lake George and Saratoga.

SNEAKS AND HYPOCRITES.—According to Mr. Trumbull there are "sneaks" in the United States Senate, who go "prowl[ing] around the departments" hunting up information as to the applications of Senators for offices, and thereupon the indignant Senator from Illinois, so far as he was concerned, assumed the attitude of the valiant Macbeth, exclaiming, too—

"Lay on, Macduff! And damned be him that first cries, 'Hold! enough.'"
Next, according to Mr. Morton, there are hypocrites in the Senate, and "I have a right to denounce hypocrisy wherever I find it."
"Sneaks" and "hypocrites!" In the good old times before the war upon such intolerable charges as these there would have been a fight upon the floor of the Senate, or an arrangement for "pistols and coffee for two" at Bladensburg. Verily, we are making some progress in civil service reform, such as it is, in the United States Senate.

THE PRINCE ALEXIS.—There was a great thundering of the big guns yesterday in London in thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, and there was a great thundering of the big guns yesterday at Havana in honor of the Prince Alexis—a pleasing coincidence, no doubt, to the two princes and all concerned in the two islands.

CALL YOU THIS BACKING YOUR FRIENDS?—The Evening Post, in speaking of the late National Convention of the labor reformers at Columbus, Ohio, says:—"It was not a representation of the intelligent workmen, but the mere tool of a handful of demagogues, who wish to get control of the next election for President, doubtless for no good end." This may be true; but how are you ever going to get anything in the way of reform if you thus blackball every convention of reformers as "a mere tool of a handful of demagogues?" We should like to know.

The Thanksgiving of the English Nation—Shall It Be the Prelude to a Greater Glorification?

In the grand old Cathedral of St. Paul the heart of the English nation was yesterday lifted up in thanksgiving to the Divine Power through whose grace a people and their Queen have recently been spared a heavy sorrow. From morning till night the sound of a great rejoicing was heard throughout the United Kingdom—in bustling city and quiet hamlet, in the castle of the peer and the cottage of the peasant—responsive to the cathedral service, and in the metropolis itself a scene was enacted that in many of its features eclipsed all the pageants of the past. Its interesting details, presented in our special cable despatches with all the vivid charms of painting, will pass like a panorama before the eyes of the readers of the HERALD. They will see the military, with their prancing horses and their steady tread; the cordon of well-disciplined police, like a solid wall, keeping the line of march; the packed and surging multitude stretching as far as the eye can reach; the windows, balconies and roofs thronged with spectators of all ages and of both sexes; the gayly decorated arches, the graceful festoons, the waving banners, the wreaths, and flowers and bright smiles of congratulation on every side; the long line of showy equipages whose progress is marked by the rolling roar of thousands of human voices; the Prince, on the threshold of a new existence, feeling that he has never before known or been known by his people; the Queen, realizing probably for the first time since the overshadowing bereavement of her life, that there are ties which still bind her to the beings and the things of this world; the Princesses, beautiful in her happiness, recalling the eve of her early marriage, when a similar joyous ovation first welcomed her to her English home. The electric current, which draws all the nations of the world together, brings before our eyes the scene enacted yesterday in London as vividly as though it were to-day visible in substance in our own city.

It must have been a glorious and a wonderful sight, those seven miles of loyal subjects, millions in number, thronging the gayly decorated streets along the route of the procession and sending up their shouts of sympathy and love as their widowed Queen and their restored Prince passed along the line; and it is not difficult to imagine the feelings of the royal party as they witnessed this demonstration of the earnest affection of the people. Only a few months ago the noisy prominence of radical agitators, whose existence depends upon their activity, seemed to threaten the peace and order of the kingdom, and especially of the metropolis. Fenianism raised its rebellious head in Ireland, despite the pacification policy of the British government; the mysterious International stalked, spectre-like, through the manufacturing towns and crowded cities of England; the horrible nightmare of the French Commune sat heavily on the breasts of British statesmen. The Prince of Wales, the heir apparent to the throne, was then the object of attack for every ranting demagogue and mischievous idler. The generous impulses and the venial slips of youth were alike distorted to his prejudice and used as a means of stripping him of the respect and love of the people. The prospect looked unpromising for the future King, and there were not wanting prophets of ill-omen who predicted that Victoria would be the last of her house to die in royal harness. Suddenly a dangerous illness fell upon the Prince. He was stricken by a disease whose shadow had already darkened the life-path of his widowed mother. At first it was hard to believe that the strong, vigorous man, whose form had so recently been seen among the people lay almost within the grasp of death; but by degrees the nation realized the weight of the sorrow that seemed about to fall upon it. The voice of calumny was hushed, and while the most profound science and the keenest skill watched the flickering flame striving to feed the dying lamp of life, millions hung breathlessly over the hourly bulletins, dreading to learn the fatal end. The value of their Prince was taught them by the nearness of his loss. At last a gleam of hope shone through the gloom, and as it brightened into certainty a weight was lifted from the heart of the nation. There has been rejoicing ever since; but yesterday it culminated in a great outpouring of the gratitude and loyalty of a whole people, a demonstration that must have convinced the most sceptical of the devotion of British subjects to their institutions and their rulers, and taught the royal recipients of a nation's homage that "out of evil cometh good."

Nearly twenty years ago St. Paul's Cathedral was crowded by the participants in a sadder service. On that occasion the warrior Duke, who had fought the battles of the nation, was consigned to the tomb. Then the flags along the route floated at half-mast; heavy black drapery hung on the closed buildings; the soldiers marched to the sound of the muffled drum, and minute guns boomed monotonously through the air. Inside the Cathedral all was gloom and mourning; and the solemn chant, "I am the resurrection and the life," fell upon bowed heads and sorrowing hearts. How different was the scene to that of yesterday, with its flags and streamers and gay ribbons, its stirring music and roaring cannon outside, and its gorgeous decorations, bright robes and joyous "Te Deum" inside! The two great national events—the one a lesson of death and sorrow, the other of life and joy—may well point a useful moral for the British rulers and the British public. The life of their Prince has been spared to them, and while they have learned to appreciate a free, generous and noble nature, he has been taught to estimate at its proper value the loyalty of a warm-hearted people. Henceforth they would blush to listen to the slanders of evil tongues against him, while he would hesitate to carelessly incur their censure. Before long they must hail as their King the Prince who has now been given back to them from the jaws of death. Shall his reign be one of peace and happiness or of war and sorrow? Shall it have for its symbol the funeral robes and mournful dirges that saddened the old cathedral ten years ago, or the glad sunshine and swelling hymns of praise and thanksgiving that yesterday made even the sombre

old dome of St. Paul's seem bright and cheerful. The Alabama claims are the skeleton in the royal house of Guelph. They must be laid at rest—buried in a grave dug by fair and honest hands—before the future monarch of England can hope to reign in peace. The government of the United States has done its part towards removing this threatening danger out of the path of England's future King. The American people, who have sympathized in the sorrow and rejoiced in the happiness of their English cousins during the peril and in the restoration of their Prince, have yielded their own wishes and agreed to suffer the differences between the two nations to be settled by foreign arbitration. Yet England, after ratifying a treaty she herself sought and solicited, has suddenly displayed a capacious, unfair and wrathful spirit, and desires to undo the work done at her own desire and in her own interest. To the American people the tearing up of the Treaty of Washington would give no concern. In England a commercial custom of long credit prevails. Bills are permitted to run for years by creditors who have a sufficiency of capital; but after six months, during which period payment is considered as cash, interest is charged upon the unpaid amount. This custom the American nation is willing to adopt in the matter of the Alabama claims. It has capital enough to afford to suffer its little bill to run, and it has confidence in the solvency of its debtor; but interest it will insist upon, and final payment must sooner or later be made in full. England is a responsible party and cannot beat us on a judgment. Even the expedient of an assignment of such property as may be within our reach would not avail; for by a plain principle of law an assignee must be clear of debt before he puts his property out of his hands. To England, however, the destruction of the Treaty of Washington would be fruitful of danger in the present, of disaster in the future.

Now, let England at once crown the recovery of her Prince and her grand national thanksgiving by averting such a calamity as war from the reign of her future King. Let her withdraw her inadmissible objections to our case and go like a good child before the Geneva schoolmasters, or let her pay down a round sum of money in satisfaction of her past misdeeds and secure for herself in future the safeguard of the Treaty of Washington. Then will the life of her Prince, so mercifully spared, be a peaceful and a happy one, and in the prospect of peace and good will that will open before all the English-speaking nations of the earth will be found the occasion of a yet grander thanksgiving and glorification in which both countries can unite. Then the services in St. Paul's can be re-echoed by praises in Trinity and in all the churches and cathedrals in our land. Then, the people on both sides of the Atlantic, of the same blood and kindred, can be glad together, and can look forward to the time when, hand in hand, they can spread civilization throughout the earth. Let us hear the response of the English Crown and the English Commons. Shall we respect the Treaty of Washington; abide by the decision of the Geneva Tribunal, settle the differences that have so long divided the two nations, and have an Anglo-Saxon thanksgiving whose shouts of joy shall reach across three thousand miles of ocean?

Wilcox's Little Bill—A Modest Bohemian Fixes His Price—Another Chance for Erie.

Mr. George Wilcox, the celebrated Bohemian Spy, whose confession in reference to his Erie transactions we printed on Monday, has honored us with this communication:—
JAMES GORDON BENNETT, New York, Feb. 28, 1872.
DEAR SIR—Enclosed please find bill for the article published in the HERALD of this day, headed "The Erie Ring."
I beg leave to notify you that unless the bill be settled by the evening of Wednesday, the 28th instant, that I shall take legal means for the recovery of the amount of the same. Respectfully,
GEORGE WILCOX,
Grand Central Hotel.

TO SENSATION ARTICLE PUBLISHED IN THE HERALD OF THIS DAY, HEADED "THE ERIE RING"..... \$12,000 00
New York, Feb. 28, 1872.

We are afraid that Mr. Wilcox is too modest in his demands. Our experience with Bohemians led us to expect that he would have made a charge of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, instead of the beggarly sum here demanded. Since he is about to enter legal proceedings he might as well go into Court with a claim worth collecting, for if he has any relations with the Erie lawyers they will make away with his twelve thousand dollars long before the case goes to a jury. Nor should we think of interfering with his suit and his desire to have an audience of the courts by thrusting the amount of this little bill upon him. His suit will involve a most interesting proceeding, and the evidence of Mr. Lane and Mr. Gould and the Erie magnates, who will, no doubt, be summoned to testify in the behalf of this anxious and modest Bohemian, will throw a great deal of light upon the inside history of the Erie management.

The sooner Wilcox takes "legal means" to obtain the amount of this bill the better. At the same time he may heed a suggestion on our own part. His experience with Lane and Gould has shown him their facility in paying out money that belongs to other people, and may succeed in inducing them to give him another check upon the Tenth National Bank. As we have no access to the Erie treasury, and our money is honestly earned, we prefer to hold it until Mr. Wilcox comes to collect his bill, accompanied by a deputy sheriff, armed with an order of the Court.

THE REASON WHY.—It is now whispered that the reason why Mr. Tweed does not go up to Albany and take his seat in the Senate is because he does not want to be held responsible in any way for this new charter. He has had enough of new charters.

THE CAMPAIGN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE wakes hot and interesting. The republicans are sending in their best stump speakers from all parts of the country; the democrats are flooding the State with the anti-Grant speeches of Sumner, Trumbull and Schurz; and, in short, both sides are working like beavers. The full vote of the State will be brought out this time; but what will be the defections of the old radicals of the Sumner school, and what will the labor and temperance reformers, the result is very doubtful and the battle will be, closely contested.